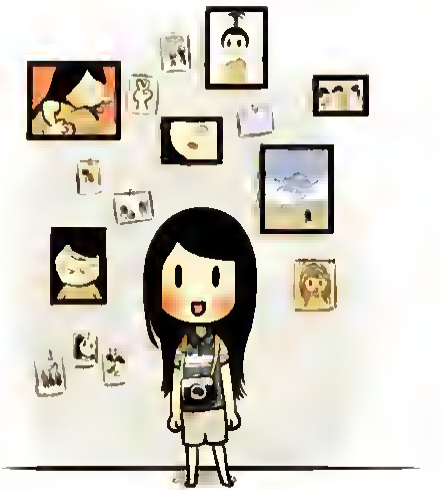
MAN~
I'M HUNGRY.
LET'S EAT~



SMILEBRUSH

MY OLD PICTURES

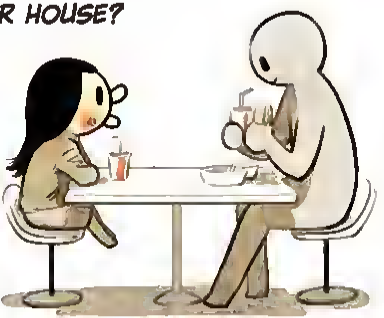
THE 38TH PICTURE

MY FRIEND GOES TO HIS GRANDMA'S HOUSE EVERY WEEKEND..

SHE MAKES ME ALL KINDS OF STUFF~
HERE, HAVE SOME OF THIS..
THANKS GRANDMA..

THEN WHY'RE YOU ALWAYS SO HUNGRY AFTER YOU COME BACK FROM HER HOUSE?

I EAT THERE, BUT NOT A LOT..



TO BE HONEST,
HER FOOD DOESN'T
TASTE VERY GOOD..

STILL..
I ALWAYS TELL HER
IT TASTES GOOD.. I'M
A GOOD GRANDSON,
HUH..?

REALLY..?

I'LL
CALL YOU-

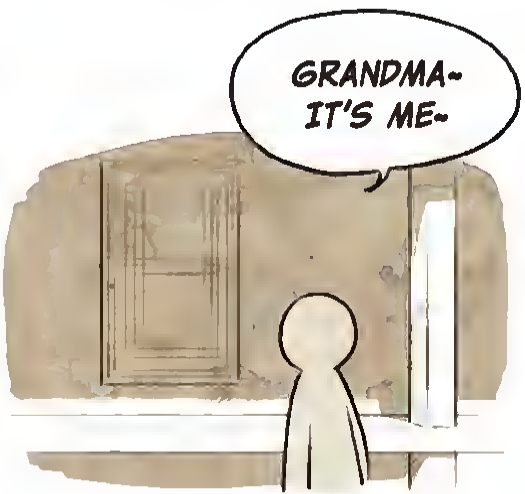
WHAT'RE YOU DOING, GRANDMA~?

AH- WERE YOU EATING-? DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING TASTY?

UH.. WELL..

G-GRANDMA..

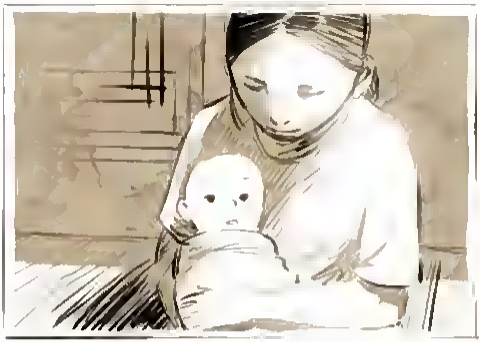
AFTER A MONTH, ONE DAY
MY FRIEND WENT OVER TO HER HOUSE
ON A WEEKDAY WITHOUT CALLING
TO LET HER KNOW..



ON THE TABLE, THERE WERE JUST A HALF BOWL OF RICE AND TWO PIECES OF KIMCHI..

SO SHE NORMALLY ONLY ATE SOME RICE AND KIMCHI, BUT WOULD COOK FOR HER GRANDSON EVERY TIME HE CAME OVER..

MY FRIEND JUST STOOD THERE CRYING FOR A WHILE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING..



HEY MAN..
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF TOO MUCH..

YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING FOR YOUR GRANDMA
THAT IS VERY HARD FOR YOU TO DO
BUT THAT SHE REALLY LOVES..

GOING TO SEE HER SO OFTEN, I MEAN..